



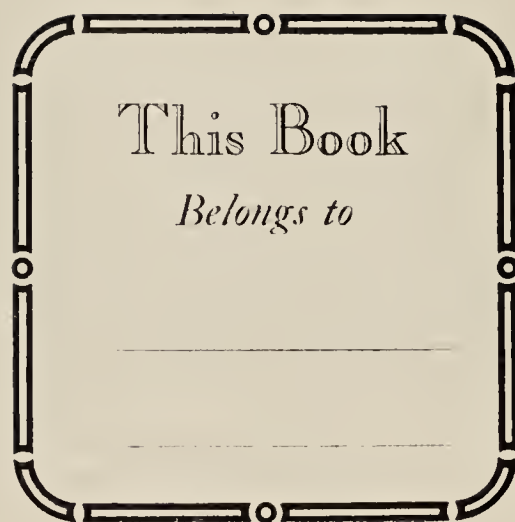
CLASS BOOK  
OF 1928 A













# Class Book



1928 A

*“Carpe Diem”*

Thomas Snell Weaver High School  
Hartford, Connecticut





In Grateful Appreciation of and  
Admiration for a  
Friend and Adviser  
Who Has Ever Counselling Us  
Wisely, We, The Class of  
1928A, Respectfully  
Dedicate This Class Book  
*to*

Millard S. Darling,  
A. B., M. Ed.





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# Foreword

YOU can satisfy some of the people all the time, and all the people some of the time, but you cannot satisfy all the people all the time. We of the Editorial Board fully realize the truth of this statement and thus the most we may sincerely hope for is to leave satisfaction in the hearts of most of the class. We also sincerely hope that the “knocks” that we have given will be received in the same spirit with which we have given them. We believe that this book will bring smiles of pleasant memories and thoughts of pleasant years spent profitably and happily with classmates. With bits of humor, truth, and sentimentality, we have tried to build a shelter in which these thoughts may rest forever. May this little volume be an inspiration for our future lives.



# The Class Book of 1928A

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A



B



C

A—"FINANCIAL WIZARDS"

B—"WE 'DO NOT CHOOSE' TO SAY"

C—"LITERARY LIGHTS"

# Class of 1928A

*Class Motto*

*Carpe Diem*

*Class Colors*

*Maroon and Silver*

*Class Chairman*

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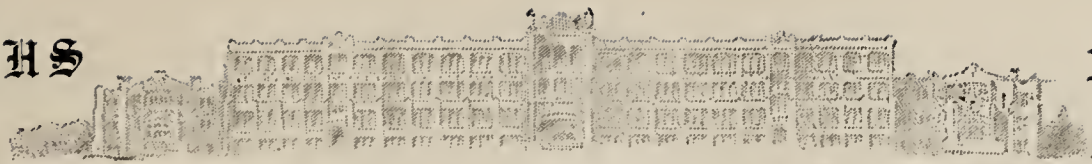
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SYLVIA L. MATHER  
WILLIAM BARON

*Color Committee*

GERTRUDE COLEDESKY  
BEATRICE BERG  
ALEXANDER ROSENBAUM



# Class Roll

## GIRLS

THELMA ALTSHULER	SYLVIA LENA LIPPMAN
FRANCES ARENSEN	LINDA RUTH LUDLOW
VIDA SADIE BELL	MARGARET EDITH MACDONALD
BEATRICE BERG	LUCY MARIE MADDALUNA
KATHERINE MARY BONADIES	MAE NORMAN
NETTIE GRACE CODRARO	SYLVIA LENORE MATHIER
THELMA COHEN	MARION OLIVER MORAN
GERTRUDE COLEDESKY	MINNIE MOTT
SONIA LILLIAN EPSTEIN	MILDRED OLIVER
EARLEEN VIRGINIA FAIRWEATHER	ROSLYN PARSONS
CHARLOTTE DOROTHY FERRIS	RUTH ELEANOR PAUL
VIOLA FOSTER	LEAH GERTRUDE PERKEL
MABEL IRENE GOLDIN	ANNA LORRAINE PETERS
ROSE GORDON	JULIA MARIE PICCOLO
PAULINE GREENBAUM	PEARL POSMANTER
RUTH GREENBERG	SARAH RUTH RITVO
DELLA LENA GURWITZ	DOROTHY NINA ROBERTS
ROSE CLAIRE HIMELSTEIN	LENA ROSENTHAL
ELIZABETH MARY HOGAN	ALICE TAXSAR
THELMA GRACE HOLDEN	OLIVE KATHERINE TRUDEAU
FLORENCE BELLE KAPLAN	SYLVIA WEINER
NADIE KAPLIN	LENA WIEBER
EILEEN GERTRUDE KENNEDY	CELIA WITTEL
RUTH LEVY	





# Class Roll

## BOYS

WILLIAM BARON	KENNETH ARTHUR MCLEOD
LAWRENCE HENRY BATTISTINI	LOUIS MOSES
JOHN THOMAS CODRARO	ROBERT EDISON MURPHY
WILLIAM THOMAS COLLINS	JULES LOUIS NATHANSON
EDWARD BROWN DAVIDSON	WILLIAM EARL NEWMAN
MAURICE DUBOFSKY	APOLLOS LAWRENCE PHELPS
GEORGE WALTER EAK	HAROLD DUANE PORTER
DAVID MARTIN EPSTEIN	HYMAN RABINOVITZ
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MAX KENNETH GLAIBER	ALBERT SCHOOLNIK
JACOB GLASER	HAROLD JOHN SHOOR
NATHAN SAMUEL GLASSMAN	ISRAEL SINGER
SIGMUND KARL GOLDSTEIN	THOMAS JOSEPH STACK, JR.
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DAVID JOSEPH JACOBSON	STANLEY TAPARAUCKAS
ISADORE IRWIN KAPLAN	HARRY JOHN TOMLINSON
ALBERT MILTON KELLER	JOHN WARD
LOUIS JACOB KOTOFISKY	GEORGE HENRY WELTNER
IRVING LESTER MARGOLIS	LESTER ALTON WOOLLEY



## THELMA ALTSIHLER

*"Thel"*
*"You were in some brown study."*

Bulkeley High School; President of C. H. L. S.; Lookout; Girls' League; A. A.

Thelma has given distinction to our class, since her late arrival, by her ability for getting on the honor roll. We consider ourselves fortunate because of her presence.

## FRANCES ARENSON

*"Frankie"*
*"Happy am I; from care I'm free!"*

Northeast School; C. H. L. S.; Ingleside Club; Choir; Girls' League; A. A.

"Fran" possessed a quiet and studious demeanor, combined with a carefree, happy mood.

## WILLIAM BARON

*"Bill"*
*"The mighty line of Marlowe and Baron"*

Arsenal School; Class Chairman; President of Boys' Club; Editor-in-Chief of Chronicle; Ring and Pin Committee; Varsity Football; Varsity Basketball; Baseball Squad; A. A.

"Bill's" motto is "Say it with poetry." Thus every occasion at Weaver has been commemorated by a poem from "Bill's" astute pen.

## LAWRENCE H. BATTISTINI

*"Larry"*
*"His pen became a clarion."*

Bulkeley High School, New London; Assistant Editor of Class Book; Chairman of Motto Committee; Commercial Club; Dramatic Club; Chronicle Editorial Board; Varsity Football; Varsity Baseball; Basketball Squad; Boys' Club; A. A.

"Larry" surely knows his history and geography, which may be the reason why he can map his way through a football field.

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VIDA BELL

*"Billy"**"Such sprightly grace did Diana possess."*

Northwest School; Girls' League; A. A.

For athletic grace, Vida takes the palm. Her modesty and silence form a quiet nature which does not seem consistent with her fiery dash and spirit on the athletic field.



BEATRICE BERG

*"Be"**"Curiosity is one of the forms of feminine bravery."*

Henry Barnard School; Associate Editor of Look-out; Girls' Business Club; Choir; Girls' League; A. A.

Beatrice is a second "Helping Henry." If about half of your homework isn't done, you can rest assured that she will be there to offer a helping hand.



KATHERINE M. BONADIES

*"Kay"**"She's all my fancy painted her."*

Northwest School; Classical Club; Girls' Basketball team; Choir; Girls' League; A. A.

"Kay's" hobbies are dancing and translating Virgil. With a flashing smile and cheerful greeting she studied perseveringly through her four years at Weaver.



JOHN CODRARO

*"The soul of this man is in his clothes."*

Brown School; Chairman of Reception Committee; Boys' Commercial Club; Boys' Club; A. A.

John, they say, has become a fatalist. He feels that he is destined to graduate with a certain class and ours seems to be the fatal one. Oh cruel fate!

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# NETTIE G. CODRARO

*"Ned"*

*"Neat and trimly dressed."*

Northwest School; President of Girls' Business Club; Girls' League; Choir; A. A.

Nettie is a girl for whom everyone has a good word. As president of the Girls' Business Club, she certainly proved her efficiency and capability.

# THELMA COHEN

*"A girl bubbling over with wit."*

Northwest School; Editorial Board of Class Book; Dramatic Club; Ingleside Club; Glee Club; Choir; Girls' League; A. A.

Thelma is one of the wittiest members of our class. Her wit is always in good taste which adds much to our opinion of her.

# GERTRUDE COLEDESKY

*"Gert"*

*"Perfect most of all, her song"*

H. P. H. S.; Class Book Editorial Board; Chairman of Class Color Committee; President of Girls' League; President of C. H. L. S.; Dramatic Club; Chronicle Business Board; Associate Editor of Lookout; Lookout Business Board; Choir; A. A.

"Gert" literally danced and sang her way into the heart of Weaver. Even though Gertie's only been here a short while, she certainly has accomplished much and made many friends.

# WILLIAM T. COLLINS

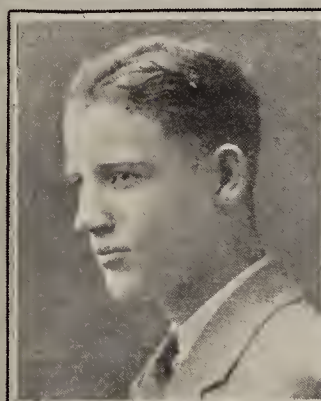
*"Ranger"*

*"Smile, brother, smile."*

H. P. H. S.; Vice-President of Boys' Club; Vice-President of Boys' Commercial Club; Radio Club; Varsity Football; Basketball Squad; A. A.

During his short stay at Weaver "Bill" made a fine showing both in athletics and school activities. And oh, that smile!

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EDWARD B. DAVIDSON

*"Who is this handsome lad?"*

Northwest School; Secretary of Boys' Club; Football Squad; Radio Club; Choir; A. A.

In this virile, red-blooded youth lies the reason for the successful operation of the "Y" pool. His aquatic ability ought to get him far. He's a whiz!



MAURICE DUBOFSKY

*"Mind your speech a little lest it mar your fortunes."*

Northwest School; Varsity Football; Boys' Club; A. A.

One must give "Mush" credit for honest ambition when he returned to school. His new method of learning is something like this: He pounds into the room, cracks a joke, bellows a question at the teacher, and then stares out of the window trying to figure out how many years he's been playing football.



GEORGE W. EAK

*"And the world did give birth to a man of great worth."*

Lawrence Street School; Editorial Board of Class Book; Commercial Club; Boys' Club; A. A.

When a laugh that sounds as if its owner is getting compound interest at every gurgle is heard, it is Eak, our humorist and banker. Can we say more?



DAVID M. EPSTEIN

*"Eppie"*

*"To be pointed out with the finger"*

Northwest School; Editor of Class Book; President of Dramatic Club; Make-Up Editor of Lookout; Secretary of Boys' Club; Secretary of A. A.; Manager of Football Team.

"Dave" is our model of "bnsyness." He has taken the lead in many of our activities and has "shone" in all. We hope he gets credit for the work he has put in this book as Editor-in-Chief.

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# SONIA L. EPSTEIN

*"Well-timed silence hath more eloquence than speech."*

Northeast School; Girls' League.

Sonia never had much to say to her classmates, but found her time most profitably spent in her book-keeping.

# BERNARD I. EVANIER

*"Terry"*

*"Give me but a pen, and you shall witness wonders."*

Northeast School; Editorial Board of Class Book; Lookout Editorial Board; Secretary of Boys' Glee Club; Choir; Boys' Club; A. A.

When one hears laughter echoing through the room and sees a student surrounded by classmates, each reading a slip of paper containing remarkable poetry, he knows that "Terry" is at work. We all like your humor and good-fellowship.

# EARLEEN V. FAIRWEATHER

*"Buster"*

*"A life that moves to gracious ends  
Through troops of recording friends."*

Northwest School; Class Motto Committee; Treasurer of Girls' League; C. H. L. S.; Classical Club; Arts-Craft Club; Girls' Basketball Team; A. A.

We had the hardest time trying to condense all of Earleen's attributes into one paragraph. She's sweet, she dresses well, she is prominent in school activities, and is liked by everybody.

# DOROTHY C. FERRIS

*"A good name is better than riches."*

Northeast School; Glee Club; Choir; Girls' League; A. A.

We all shall remember "Dot's" basketball playing and her fiery support. She is also one of those fortunate individuals who occupy a front seat in 227—a convenience for those who come in late.

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BERNARD J. FITZSIMONS, JR.

*"One Punch"*

*"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined."*

Northeast School.

"One Punch" never entered club activities to any degree, but he is a charter member of the Nicotine Club which convenes daily at the Keney Park entrance.



VIOLA FOSTER

*"A closed mouth catches no flies."*

Northeast School; Girls' League; A. A.

Viola has been with our class a very short time; so we cannot say much about her. We are sorry we could not become more acquainted with her.



JOSEPH FRIEDMAN

*"I am not in the role of common men."*

Northeast School.

"Joe" wouldn't raise his hand in class if the teacher pointed a gun at him. That's the kind of a fellow he is, brave and quiet. He manages to get presentable results with almost nothing but character study.



MAX K. GLAIBER

*"Mac"*

*"For discords make the sweetest airs."*

Northeast School; Class Book Business Board; Composer of Class Song; Vice-President of the Glee Club; Orchestra; Rifle Club; Boys' Club; A. A.

Max's musical gift gives him the power to kill people at will. His striking personality makes him a drumming success. However, one might wish that his sense of harmony would not inspire him to change Max to Kenneth.

A



JACOB GLASER

*"Jake"*

*"A joking, unthinking man"*

Arsenal School; Boys' Club; A. A.

"Jake" is full of mirth, and lets off steam by playing every practical joke imaginable. In spite of this failing he is a "prince," and the class of '28A is glad to have had him among its members.

NATHAN S. GLASSMAN

*"Nate"*

*"Who is this Demosthenes?"*

Northeast School; Class Orator; Class Book Editorial Board; President of Debating Club; Assistant Editor of Lookout; French Club; Orchestra; Boys' Glee Club; Choir; Boys' Club; A. A.

"Nate" proved to be one of the shining lights of our class. He makes up in wit what he lacks in stature.

MABEL I. GOLDIN

*"Diligence is everything."*

Northwest School; Girls' Business Club; French Club; C. H. L. S.; Lookout Reporter; Chronicle; Girls' League; A. A.

Whenever one sees a big pile of books with a girl behind them, he can be sure it's Mabel. And her modesty is as great as her attainments.

SIGMUND K. GOLDSTEIN

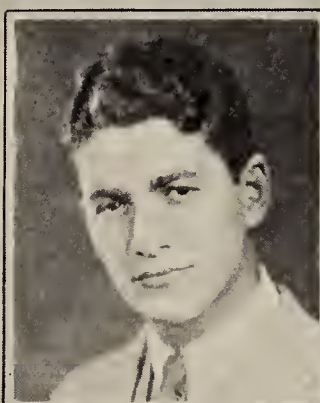
*"Sigie"*

*"All the world's a stage and the actor deserves applause."*

Friends' Select School, Philadelphia; Dramatic Club; Debating Club.

During his short stay here, "Sigie" attained great prominence in dramatics, and, in our opinion, he ought to make a name for himself.

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ROSE GORDON

*"Few know her well, she is so quiet."*

Northwest School; Girls' League; A. A.

To say the least or the most, Rose is—quiet! And there's more truth than poetry in that.



PAULINE GREENBAUM

*"Paul"*

*"Sing away sorrow—cast away care."*

Chauncey Harris School; Girls' Business Club; French Club; Girls' League; A. A.

Pauline doesn't take long to say a whole lot. She surely can make words hustle, not only in English, but in French.



RUTH R. GREENBERG

*"I like an eye that twinkles like a star."*

Henry Barnard School; Girls' Glee Club; Choir; Girls' League; A. A.

Ruth seems to be one of the privileged persons who could get a leave of absence at any time, and get away with it. Lessons and books seemed to please her not at all. She just couldn't be bothered.



DELLA J. GURWITZ

*"Del"*

*"Fair and softly she goes for."*

Northeast School; Girls' Business Club; Arts-Craft Club; Ingleside Club; Girls' League; A. A.

You used to struggle pretty hard with your book-keeping, didn't you Della? Never mind—that's over now and if that fur coat you have is your reward, we all wish we might have succeeded as well as you.

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# ROSE C. HIMELSTEIN

*"And I went my way in silence."*

Northeast School; Girls' Business Club; Girls' League; A. A.

We have seen and heard very little of Rose during our four years of school. We are rather led to think that she is not quite so inconspicuous in outside activities as in school activities.

# ELIZABETH M. HOGAN

*"Betty"*

*"The blush is beautiful and sometimes mighty inconvenient."*

Northwest School; Class Prophetess; Secretary of Dramatic Club; Girls' League, Executive Committee; Secretary of Ingleside Club; Girls' Business Club; A. A.

Betty, in writing the prophecy, rehearsing for "Captain Applejack," and acting as telephone operator at night school has been a busy little girl. This may or may not account for her rosy cheeks.

# THELMA G. HOLDEN

*"Thel"*

*"A fair exterior is a silent recommendation."*

Northwest School; Ingleside Club; Choir; Girls' League; A. A.

"Thel" is one of the reasons why blondes are preferred. Her courteous manner and sunny smile endear her to all her classmates.

# DAVID JACOBSON

*"Dave"*

*"Give me but a place to stand and I will move the class."*

Lawrence Street School; Class Book Business Board; Motto Committee; President of Debating Club; Lookout Reportorial Board; Glee Club; Boys' Club; A. A.

You have not been with us long, but there is not a member of our class who does not know your hearty laugh and frank good nature. We shall remember you as a debater and a musician (?).

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FLORENCE B. KAPLAN

*"Flo"*

*"Hark! Hark! The nightingale."*

Northwest School; Ingleside Club; Glee Club; Choir; Girls' League; A. A.

Don't be surprised to hear our Florence some day in grand opera. If you don't think she can sing, try listening to her; then decide for yourself.



ISADORE KAPLAN

*"Issie"*

*"His bark is worse than his bite."*

Northwest School; Lookout Business Board; Boys' Club; A. A.

"Issie" invariably has the gift of "gab." It has been reported that he was silent for five minutes, but the rumor is doubted by all.



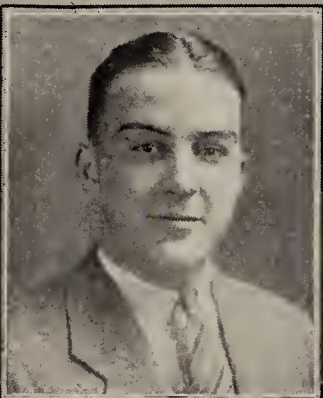
NADIE KAPLAN

*"Nod"*

*"By music minds an equal temper know,  
Nor swell too high nor sink too low."*

H. P. H. S.; Lookout; C. H. L. S.; Orchestra; Girls' League.

"Nod" certainly knows how to play the violin. Those who have heard her at the Girls' League suppers will vouch for that.



A. MILTON KELLER

*"Milt"*

*"His broad shoulders, like a wall, loomed."*

Northwest School; Class Marshal; Captain of Football Team; Vice-President of Boys' Club; Rifle Club; Choir; A. A.

"Milt" led one of the most successful football teams that ever represented Weaver. He should also be commended for his fine work in the interests of the Boys' Club.

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EILEEN G. KENNEDY

*"Ken"*

*"A witty woman is a treasure. A pretty woman is a power."*

H. P. H. S.; Class Essayist; Ingleside Club; Girls' Business Club; Classical Club; Girls' League; A. A.

Great things come in small packages. Hartford High delivered her to us three years ago, and since then Ken's name has been on the honor roll quite frequently. We wonder if she acquired her intelligence by correcting intelligence tests or by writing the 28A essay.

LOUIS KOTOFSKY

*"Lou"*

*"To let him live or not—that is the question."*

Arsenal School; Boys' Club; A. A.

Tall and "stately" defines this mass of human activity, so dormant in exterior appearance, and yet so capable of producing convulsive laughter.

RUTH LEVY

*"Let me silent be."*

Arsenal School; French Club; Business Club; Girls' League; Choir; A. A.

Ruth is another of the many "quiet little girls" in 227. But these "quiet little girls" may not be so quiet after all. What about it, Ruth?

SYLVIA B. LIPPMAN

*"Syb"*

*"Her modesty is a candle to her merit."*

Northwest School; President of Ingleside Club; Dramatic Club; Lookout; Girls' League; A. A.

Sylvia is a person whose good nature and generosity win many a friend. She is the sort that may be the unheralded worker of good deeds. Her work for the Dramatic Club will always be remembered.

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L. RUTH LUDLOW

*"Boots"*
*"Love a good jest with all my heart."*

Northwest School; Vice-President of Ingleside Club; Arts-Craft Club; Girls' League; A. A.

One of the many "Ruths" of '28A. Nothing worries her, not even that heart-rending geometry. Her joy and chatter can be heard at any time.



MARGARET E. MacDONALD

*"A little peach in an orchard grew—"*

Northwest School; Ingleside Club; Girls' League; A. A.

Edith is another bookkeeping student who plugs away without a word. Her secondary ambition is to be a Suzanne Lenglen.



IRVING L. MARGOLIS

*"Eskie"*
*"A prince among men—"*

Northwest School; Varsity Football; Classical Club; Boys' Club; A. A.

To those who know him as well as we do, "Eskie" is a true friend.



SYLVIA L. MATHER

*"Syb"*
*"The heavens such grace did lend her,  
That she might admired be."*

Northwest School; Class Historian; President of C. H. L. S.; Vice-President of Ingleside Club; Arts-Craft Club; Ring Committee; Dramatic Club, Executive Committee; Girls' League; Choir; A. A.

There is hardly a girl in Weaver to challenge "Syb's" popularity. She's another of the busy members of 1928A. She was president of C. H. L. S., had a leading part in the Dramatic Club play, was on the ring and pin committee, and has helped write the class history.

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## KENNETH A. McLEOD

*"Scottie"*
*"Napoleon had his Waterloo, and Kennie had his French."*

Northwest School; Varsity Football; President of Radio Club; Boys' Club; A. A.

"Ken," the little iron man of football, has been trying to puzzle out for four years why he can't get on the honor roll and walk home from school with his hands in his pockets. Nevertheless he dropped French to give himself more time to study Einstein's theory.

## MARION O. MORAN

*"Madge"*
*"Where Irish eyes are smiling—"*

Northeast School; Treasurer of Ingleside Club; Girls' League; A. A.

A tiny bundle of "pep" is Marian with blue eyes and pretty Titian hair. Never mind, Marian, good things come in small packages.

## LOUIS MOSES

*"A silent tongue seeks no trouble."*

Henry Barnard School; Boys' Commercial Club; Boys' Club; A. A.

Here is a lad who is characterized by an overabundance of lack of noise. A commendable quality, our pedagogues would say.

## MINNIE MOTT

*"Myn"*
*"Let us then be up and doing."*

Alfred E. Burr School; Circulating Manager of Lookout; Girls' League; A. A.

What will the "Lookout" Business Board do when Minnie is no longer a member of it? How she talked us into subscribing for that publication!

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ROBERT E. MURPHY

*"Bob"*

*"The age of chivalry is gone."*

St. Patrick School; Chairman of Producing Group of Dramatic Club; President of Radio Club; Boys' Commercial Club; Boys' Club; A. A.

"Bob" is a fine example of modern chivalry. But in this day of unconventionality, he never has the opportunity to show his wares.



JULES L. NATHANSON

*"Jules"*

*"Silence is the genius of fools, and one of the virtues of the wise."*

Northeast School.

"Jules" walks among idiots. The only relief from boredom for him is to see Joe's shoulders heave at one of his horribly significant and biting bits of satirical humor.



WILLIAM E. NEWMAN

*"Buff"*

*"Clothes make the man."*

Northeast School; Baseball Squad; Football Squad; Boys' Club; A. A.

Immaculate is the one word that fully describes "Buff." With a cheerful smile for every one, he has won his way into the hearts of his fellow students.



MAE NORMAN

*"God is with those who persevere."*

Arsenal School; Ingleside Club; Arts-Craft Club; Girls' League; A. A.

Mae is another one who will graduate with our class, and in three and a half years at that.

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## MILDRED OLIVER

*"Mil"**"A cheerful and merry lass was she."*

Northwest School; Ingleside Club; C. H. L. S.;  
Girls' Business Club; Girls' League; A. A.

"Millie" is one of our many "petite" members,  
but she makes up for her lack of stature by her  
volubility and general abundance of that much talked  
of quality, "PEP."

## ROSLYN PARSONS

*"Rose"**"It's good to live and learn."*

Northeast School; Girls' Business Club; Girls'  
League; A. A.

Roslyn is right there when it comes to walking.  
We hear her record time from school to Plainfield  
Street is exactly one minute and thirty seconds which  
is a worthy feat for anyone. Who knows but we  
have a female Willie Plant in our midst?

## RUTH E. PAUL

*"Buttercup"**"Neatness of person is a great attraction."*

Northwest School; Class Motto Committee; C. H.  
L. S.; Classical Club; Ingleside School; Arts-Craft  
Club; Girls' League; A. A.

Ruth is a member of that widely known "silence  
club" in which so many of our classmates are en-  
rolled. But we find that "to know her is to like  
her."

## LEAH G. PERKEL

*"Slow but steady wins the race."*

Northeast School; Girls' League; A. A.

We don't know much about Leah. She hasn't  
made much noise and she goes about minding her  
own business, which is a virtue for anyone.

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ANNA L. PETERS

*"Lindy"**"Style is the dress of thought."*

Arsenal School; Executive Committee of Girls' Business Club; Bookkeeper of Lookont; Choir; Girls' League; A. A.

We all admire her trim little figure with her "coiffure" and the little spit curls. Those "fish hooks" certainly did their duty, eh Lindy?



APOLLOS L. PHELPS

*"Polly"**"Whose Irish nose is uplifted."*

Northeast School; Class Testator; Varsity Football; Varsity Basketball; Varsity Baseball; Track Squad; Rifle Club; Boys' Club; A. A.

"Polly" is one of those three letter men turned out by our class. Many's the day he came through at the last moment to bring a victory for the Green and White.



JULIA M. PICCOLO

*"Julie"**"To women silence is the best ornament."*

Northwest School; Ingleside Club; Arts-Craft Club; Girls League; A. A.

The combination of fair skin, dark eyes, and black hair contrive to make Julia one of the best looking girls in the class. With these attributes and a smattering of typing she ought to make a mark in the business world.



HAROLD PORTER

*"He is the very pincapple of courtesy."*

Watkinson School; Vice-President of Dramatic Club; Orchestra; Choir; Boys' Club; A. A.

Harold, who is reputed to be a descendant of John Fitch, the founder of Windsor, affects no rural airs, but is a versatile, city-bred fellow with two weaknesses,—dramatics and poetry.

A

## PEARL POSMANTER

*"Every artist was first an amateur."*

Arsenal School; President of Ingleside Club; Girls' Business Club; Choir; Girls' League; A. A.

We hear that Pearl is going to Normal School. You've missed your vocation, Pearl. Judging from the pictures you've drawn in autograph books, you should study art.

## SARAH R. RITVO

*"Sook"*

*"Of all the days that are so sweet, there's none like pretty Sarah."*

Northeast School; Circulating Board of Lookout; Business Club; Girls' League; A. A.

Although "Sook" didn't mingle much with the majority of the class, we know that she is well liked by her friends.

## DOROTHY N. ROBERTS

*"Dot"*

*"Youth is hot and bold."*

Northwest School; Chronicle Business Board; Ingleside Club; Arts-Craft Club; Girls' Basketball Team; Choir; Girls' League; A. A.

"Dot" doesn't show her dramatic ability in school, but keeps it for outside performances. She is one who thrives on dancing and dates, and whose pep and loyalty is ever present.

## HENRY L. ROLFE

*"Hennie"*

*"The tranquil, calm stream of clear liquids flow deeply and profoundly."*

Northwest School; Business Board of Class Book; Treasurer of Radio Club; Boys' Club; A. A.

You certainly are an amiable fellow. Your work on the business board shows a new side to your character.

28



A



28



HUGO ROOS

*"Fat"**"Oh, what an appropriate bit of nomenclature!"*

Alfred E. Burr School; Varsity Football; President of Boys' Glee Club; President of Radio Club; Choir; Boys' Club; A. A.

Hugo is big and big-hearted. He was probably never small or he would not have been so aptly dubbed. Thus he became one of our football stalwarts.



ALEXANDER A. ROSENBAUM

*"His merry laughter rings afar."*

Arsenal School; Secretary of Debating Club; Arts-Craft Club; Orchestra; Boys' Club; A. A.

We hear that you are a valuable member in the Senior Orchestra. We picture you as a genial student laboring through two "Chem." courses and hoping to pass both. We wonder whether we owe our class colors to your choice.



LENA ROSENTHAL

*"Lee"**"Slow and Easy."*

Arsenal School; Girls' Business Club; Lookout; Glee Club; Choir; Girls' League; A. A.

Lena hasn't said much during these past four years, but we know that she's a jolly, good-natured friend.



ALBERT SCHOOLNIK

*"Al"**"My business is class business."*

Northwest School; Business Manager of Class Book; Advertising Manager of Lookout; Secretary and Treasurer of Debating Club; Commercial Club; Glee Club; Choir; Orchestra; Boys' Club; A. A.

"Al" has refuted the adage that "silence is golden." By dint of vocal exertion he has convinced local merchants that ours is the only logical classbook for exploiting their wares.

A

## HAROLD J. SHOOR

*"Hal"*
*"Every dog likes his slumber."*

Arsenal School; Class Prophet; Assistant Make-Up Editor of Lookout; Vice-President of Boys' Glee Club; Choir; Debating Club; Boys' Club; A. A.

When "Hal" wasn't asleep, he was—but never Many's the time we have heard him referred to as being "cute."

## ISRAEL SINGER

*"When to the sessions of silent thought"*

Northeast School; Boys' Club; A. A.

Here is a hard worker and a serious student. In our four years, we have always seen you with that same good-nature and serious mien. We who know you will remember you as a cheerful and true friend. remember you as a cheerful and true friend.

## THOMAS J. STACK

*"Tom"*
*"Hey, Stack, you're the last straw."*

St. Joseph's Cathedral School; Class Historian; Vice-President of Debating Club; Dramatic Club; Lookout Advertising Board; Boys' Club; A. A.

"Tom," shall we ever forget your role as "Lush" in that famous play presented by an all-star cast (including many of your classmates) where your satin pantaloons and servile manner placed you indelibly in our minds?

## DONALD D. SWIFT

*"Lives obscurely great"*

Northeast School; Boys' Club; A. A.

"Don" is rather swift mentally. He nearly wept when he found he couldn't get a hundred in every "Chem." test with only five minutes of preparation. He possesses a delicious sense of humor, and might make quite a tasty morsel himself.

28



A



28



STANLEY TAPARAUCKAS

*"Tep"*
*"Above any Greek or Roman name."*

Northeast School; Varsity Baseball; Football Squad; Arts-Craft Club; Boys' Club; A. A.

This young man, better known as "Tepper," made quite a name for himself on the baseball diamond. His parents, too, made quite a name for him.

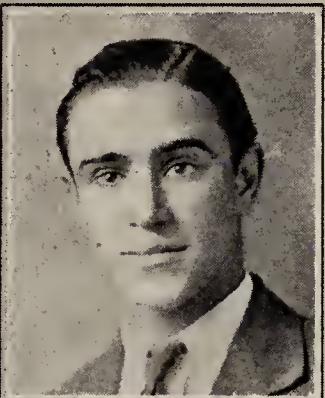


ALICE TAXSAR

*"Tari"*
*"Frailty, thy name is woman."*

Henry Barnard School; Girls' Business Club; Look-out; Girls' League; A. A.

Alice is that good-looking girl with the pleasant voice, who walks through the corridors with head high. She is the Dignified Senior, so often heard about, but hardly ever seen.



HARRY J. TOMLINSON

*"Physical"*
*"He breaketh horseshoes with his hands."*

Northwest School; Football Squad; Track Squad; Boys' Club; A. A.

Weaver's exponent of physical culture, Harry was just beginning to show his prowess in the field of sport—when, alas along came graduation.



OLIVE K. TRUDEAU

*"Ollie"*
*"Ah, this younger generation—"*

Northwest School; President of Arts-Craft Club; Ingleside Club; Choir; Girls' League; A. A.

Much of Weaver's football success was due to Ollie's rooting in the stands. Wow! could she cheer. She's also been the "pres" of the Arts-Craft Club for the past semester.

A



JOHN H. WARD

*"Johnnie"*

*"Handsome is that handsome does."*

Northeast School; Dramatic Club; Arts-Craft Club; Rifle Club; Lookout; Commercial Club; Boys' Club; A. A.

John is one of those far-sighted individuals who seized the opportunity to graduate with a good class. We hope he'll never forget it.

SYLVIA WEINER

*"Syb"*

*"Come! Come! Leave your books and be merry."*

Northeast School; Valedictorian; Classical Club; C. H. L. S.; Girls' League; A. A.

Sylvia, our valedictorian, is a fine example of the "today's work done today" policy and justly deserves the reward bestowed upon her.

LENA WIEBER

*"Lee"*

*"Common sense is very uncommon."*

H. P. H. S.; Chronicle Business Board; Ingleside Club; Girls' Business Club; Girls' League; A. A.

Lee has plenty of common sense and knows how to use it. But that's not all; she has will-power also and accomplishes what she sets out to do.

CELIA I. WITTEL

*"Silence is one of the virtues of the wise."*

Bulkeley High School; Girls' Business Club; Girls' League; A. A.

Celia may appear to be very quiet, but it is reported that those who don't know her would be shocked if they could see her out of school.

28



A





GEORGE H. WELTNER

*"Oh, every inch a man."*

Northwest School; Salutatorian; Class Book Editorial Board; Rifle Club; Arts-Craft Club; Vice-President of Boys' Club; A. A.

Seriously, George is the high standing man of the class as far as scholarship goes. A broad smile and hearty laugh frequently illuminate his grave countenance.



LESTER WOOLLEY

*"Les"*

*"The very quintessence of silence."*

Northwest School; Boys' Club; A. A.

The only time there's any noise in his immediate vicinity is when he shoots one of the guns in his private arsenal. His mind isn't so blank as his expression, however, and some of the thoughts way inside him creep out on theme paper.

MAX GREENBERG

*"A Tilden he would aspire to be."*

Northwest School; Boys' Club; A. A.; Tennis Team.

Max always seems to be brooding on abstract problems or on the death of his canary. But the only time he is really troubled is when he can't knock the cover off a tennis ball in three shots.

LUCY MADDALUNA

*"Young in limbs, but in judgments old."*

Arsenal School; Girls' League; A. A.

Lucy, as many others of our class, is characterized by her quiet demeanor and thus we know very little about her.

HYMAN RABINOVITZ

*"So unconversationally quiet."*

Northeast School; Boys' Club; A. A.

Hyman is one of the quietest boys in the class and therefore unknown to us. Who can know what lies behind this screen of silence?



# Class Night Program

January 26, 1928



# Graduation Program

February 2, 1928



# Class Night Program

*Chairman's Address*

WILLIAM BARON

*Oration*

NATHAN GLASSMAN

*Class Song*

Words by NATHAN GLASSMAN  
Music by DAVID JACOBSON

*Essay*

EILEEN KENNEDY

*Class Song*

Words by WILLIAM BARON  
Music by MAX GLAIBER

*Music*

*History and Prophecy* (Combined in Form of One-Act Play)

SYLVIA MATHER, THOMAS STACK, ELIZABETH HOGAN, HAROLD SHOOR

*Class Will*

APOLLOS PHELPS

*School Song*

ROSALIND FELDMAN, '24B



# Graduation Program

<i>Music</i>	THE ORCHESTRA
<i>Salutatory</i>	GEORGE WELTNER
<i>Customs and Fashions in Old New England</i>	SYLVIA LIPPMAN
<i>A Night Ramble</i>	PEARL POSMANTER
<i>Words of Wisdom from an Athletic Coach</i>	BERNARD EVANIER
<i>Music</i>	THE ORCHESTRA
<i>Back to Earth</i>	PAULINE GREENBAUM
<i>My "Glorious Adventure"</i>	ANNA PETERS
<i>What Price War?</i>	LAWRENCE BATTISTINI
<i>Valedictory</i>	SYLVIA WEINER
<i>Music</i>	THE ORCHESTRA

# Chairman's Address

PARENTS, TEACHERS, AND FRIENDS:

BEFORE I start my address, I would like to ask if anybody saw a box near the door in which all sorrows, grouches, and troubles were to be deposited. I imagine nobody noticed the sign over the door saying, "All Ye Who Enter Here—Be Happy!" The reason none of you saw the box or sign is that neither of them was there. Because of their absence, we are going to let you all imagine that you deposited your various unhappy thoughts in that box. We are going to let everyone fix that fundamental requisite in his mind, "All Ye Who Enter Here, Be Happy!"

It is our solemn duty to inform you tonight as to what we have accomplished in the past four years. For this purpose we elected two Historians, who, after delving in the archives of our class, at last are ready to tell our misdemeanors and our achievements.

Something unusual has happened which I must insert at this point. Two mysterious people presented themselves to our class claiming that they were famous fortune tellers. I will withhold their names, for at present there is a campaign against mediums. At last we condescended to let them demonstrate their occult powers and will present them tonight under the titles of Prophet and Prophetess.

Feeling in a generous mood we drew up a will making you all our heirs. Ah! I see evidences of interest. You demand the will. It will soon be read by the Class Testator.

The Class Poet this year is of a very bashful nature. Owing to this malady he will not recite his poem tonight.

Seriously—Class Night is the last good time we will all have together. It is an event created to enliven our feelings, in contrast to the comparative seriousness of graduation. Although in a happy mood, we are not going to forget, parents, teachers, and friends, that it is only through your untiring work and help that we were able to reach this stage in life. In the name of the Class of twenty-eight A, I give you sincere thanks and extend you a hearty welcome to our Class Night Exercises.

WILLIAM BARON

# Class Oration

## MODERN SLAVERY

WE AMERICANS have been under the impression that we abolished slavery with the close of the Civil War. So we did—but only one form. Today there exists another form under which a great many of our citizens are suffering. Without doubt, many of you are in the habit of arising at seven-thirty and going through a certain regular program, one that you have followed for the last few years probably, and then starting your day of toil. This has continued for what seems to you ages, and is bound to continue as long as you fail to change your environment or circumstances. Today, many of us are slaves, not to a person, but to the circumstances that govern our lives. This is not a new state of conditions; people have complained of it for many years. A famous sonnet by Wordsworth, written about 1800, is a lament concerning the tyranny of civilization. He writes, “The world is too much with us; late and soon, getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.” In the same trend, we are complaining of the rule of our modern civilization, even while we are remaining in its power.

We all know a certain type of person who drifts through life, not planning his career, but trusting to luck. Very likely you have a friend who works in one of our great local concerns. Usually, although not always, this person continues to work day in and day out with the same routine. If he is a good worker, the best of a hundred of so, possibly at the end of the year, he will receive a raise of a few dollars. Every day this slavery continues even though he thoroughly detests his work. He considers it as a certain inevitable slavery that must be undergone if he wishes to exist. His sole thought of the future, if he is married, is: “Well my future is settled. I have a steady job and an insurance policy to back me up.” In other words, he is looking for nothing more than financial ease from life.

This is a general type. Countless citizens who, in seeming mockery, call themselves free, live in this same manner. They are the slaves of our great machine called civilization. They form cogs in that bustling machine, which, as some thinkers contend, is breaking the soul of man. To bring this nearer home, I might say that they are slaves to the mighty ruler, Dollar. Yet, very few are actually satisfied with their slavery. They merely submit without offering any resistance. Many of you have said, perhaps to yourself, “I am getting tired of this daily drudge. I wish something would happen to change this awful monotony of life.”



Why are there so many people in slavery? Why are there so many misfits in life? There are reasons for this prevailing despair. In fact there are several fundamental causes of the circumstances which lead to despair. First there is the indifference of the parents when their children were ready to enter high school. Lack of foresight allowed the parents to let the son or daughter enter the first curriculum offered. Later the repetition of this rash act allows the boy or girl to seize the very first opportunity offered in life. It is most important that the student take studies that correspond to his traits and natural abilities. If a boy shows liking for machinery, he should be encouraged to follow this, his bent, and not placed in his father's office or apprenticed to a printer if this offers good financial return. Also special care must be taken to see that he takes studies that will lead to machine work. For this end, parents should study their children for their abilities, and if they cannot discover a child's likings, a teacher who is intimate with him should be consulted.

Of course a certain amount of responsibility rests upon the high school student himself. His age should suffice to direct his desires in the right direction. But here again a serious fault is found. Usually the student has thought only of the present during his high school years, and when suddenly awakened to make a decision that will shape his life, he jumps at the first thought which enters his mind. From then, only luck can assure his future happiness. It is as though he is awakened from a pleasant dream, so to speak, and forced to jump in a direction that will determine the course of his life. He leaps, and then lets fate complete his jump.

Then there is another serious fault which is in the mind of the person himself. As a worker, he may lack the originality or interest that is necessary to overcome his natural aversion to monotony. He continues to sit at his desk every day, surrendering to slavery more and more, without trying to cultivate interests or develop some scheme whereby he may lessen the drudgery. I do not mean that he should seek a life of false pleasures and cheap "thrills." A person who does that has not learned how to enjoy the happy medium between a serious existence and a frivolous one. A life which is well balanced between the two and is well planned, cannot become one of slavery. Every person should form activities and affiliations outside of that daily life-grind. I do not mean bridge clubs and societies. No—true pleasure consists of simple things such as fishing trips, athletic activities, small social gatherings, or music study. This last is an excellent pastime even though your neighbors may vigorously protest at your attempts. These put joy in a life where formerly monotony reigned. Thus we may attain moral contentment and a state of mental freedom which makes life worth living.

So you see that this modern slavery can be abolished, and this can be done more peacefully than by a Civil War. It can be remedied without an economic upheaval which some people maintain is necessary. We must not have a parrot-like succession from father to son, simply because the son considers his father's profession his only opportunity. Second, a high school student should make a thoughtful analysis of his own character, with competent advice from an elder if necessary, and then make his choice of profession, keeping in mind that he must make a thorough study of opportunities offered. And then, the student must make a perfect preparation for his life work, using a college education if necessary. Furthermore, his first positions should be such as will fit him for his work, further adjustments being made later. Lastly, his attitude toward work and life in general must be optimistic and ambitious with as many breaks in the monotony as possible.

In concluding, I cannot help but think of the many persons who do try to free themselves from the slavery of life. They very often succeed—by holding up a bank or assisting a fellow mortal to the Hereafter. When I say that originality will free you from drudgery, I hope that this form does not enter your minds. We can make life interesting by more carefully building life plans while still adhering strictly to the laws of man and God.

NATHAN GLASSMAN

# Class Essay

## IF I ONLY KNEW!

HAVE you not often thought over some situation that caused you the greatest embarrassment and, with a deep sigh, said to yourself, "Why didn't I say this—or that!" We can all think of witty remarks or nonchalant expressions that would pass off any occasion, but why, why do we never get an inspiration and say the right thing at the right time? We might try memorizing a few rules on what to say when we discover that we have not enough money to pay for the lunch we have just eaten, or how to act when, trying our best to make a good impression, we awkwardly slip or stumble. I fear, however, that a far more effective plan must be originated, for there are some situations which would bring, upon even the most composed of us, blundering confusion.

Is there anyone who does not dread and despise doing something foolish—and being caught at it? A foolish action generally results in hurt pride and this feeling, above all others, leaves very bitter memories. One day, a few years ago, as I was hurrying down Main Street, I saw a small wallet drop from a man's pocket, just as he entered his car. Naturally I picked it up. On the inside of the flap was written, in letters so conspicuous that no one could avoid them, the words, "If there is anything of honor, anything of virtue in you, return this to the address given below." The purse was absolutely empty but that fact seemed unimportant. Fairly bursting with honor and virtue, I made my way to the address given, an office on Main Street. I was so taken up with glory of the deed I was doing, I did not pause to consider what I would say, and so, bursting through the door, I exclaimed to the first man I saw, "Here's your wallet." Whatever result I expected, it was certainly not the one I experienced. Immediately the room resounded with the hearty laughter of its other occupants. I was absolutely amazed but soon learned, to my humiliation, that the whole thing was but a joke; they had done it to see who would, as they said, "bite." To them the incident may have seemed trivial, but to me it was not so unimportant. It was the foolishness of it that bothered me. I could think of nothing to say. I rushed out, the picture of their laughing faces and my silly position vividly stamped on my mind. If then I could have made some scathing remark! If I had only known what to say!

About the most embarrassing situation possible, I think, is to get on a street car and find your purse empty. Immediately you rack your brain to think of



some excuse. There are hundreds you could give, but none which would relieve the situation. If only you had lost your pocketbook! You could then appeal to someone's sympathy. But to have your purse right in your hands and to be absolutely "broke!" The sinking, terrified feeling that anyone experiences at a time like this is indescribable. Even before the conductor comes to collect the fare which you have not, it seems that your despair must be fairly shouting at everyone. If you could faint, if the car would bump into a pole, run off the tracks, do anything—anything to give you time, anything to delay the steady and systematic approach of the conductor. Somehow you live through the ordeal. But ever after will ring in your ears the silly excuse you gave, and every time you see a trolley and every time you see a conductor, you will think, in despair, of the many things you might have said but did not.

To feel out of place or unwanted—what a terrible experience this is! Suppose you are seated, at a banquet, between two people whose only topics of conversation are radio and world peace. Now, though you consider yourself generally well versed, these are two subjects that have never appealed to you at all, and therefore you know nothing about them. So the evening wears on and the lively and animated discussion on both sides of you continues while you, with embarrassment added to lack of knowledge, sit in absolute agony. You wonder why you have never studied either of these subjects and "If I *only* knew what to say" keeps tormenting your mind.

So, if we are human and erring, we will go on and on, meeting embarrassing situations and unexpected difficulties at every turn, generally facing them with the cry, "If I only knew!" But there is no book of etiquette, nor any book at all that can tell us. And it is of little avail to plan and worry, and it does no good to remember and regret, for just as sure as we feel secure and confident, then are we most likely to do the foolish and embarrassing thing.

EILEEN KENNEDY.

## Class History and Prophecy

SCENE—Living room of home of Misses Mather and Hogan.

TIME—About ten years from now at their home off Fifth Avenue.

As curtain goes up Syb is sitting in front of Victrola listening to strains of record. Rises and puts on another record.

*Sylvia:* I wonder when Betty will be home! It certainly takes her plenty of time to get here. She's so slow.

(Syb rises and walks around parlor tidying it. Just then the door bell rings. Syb goes to the door and returns with Betty who is loaded with bundles.)

*Syb:* Well, where in the world have you been—and for pity's sake what have you there?

*Betty* (drops into chair): Phew! Sylvia, quick, get some of Harold Porter's reviving tablets, will you? Gosh, but I'm tired.

*Syb* (returning with box of Uneeda Biscuits): Say, where have you been? I've had the supper ready hours ago and now the fish is cold and the Jello is raising a mustache. I had to eat without you.

*Betty:* Oh! I have had supper ages ago at Syb Lippman's Collapsible Cup Tea Room. My, these tablets are good. Harold certainly did something for God's people when he began to make these tablets. By the way, I have some more of them in one of those bundles. There was a sale on them today at Benny Fitzsimmon's Fruit Store.

*Syb:* I hope you've got my hoopskirt there. I'll need it to go to the Streetcleaners' Ball at Winsted, next Saturday. There's a whale of a bunch from our class going. Israel Singer is going with Nettie Codraro and Thelma Alshuler is bringing Stanley Tapar and a whole gang.

*Betty:* Where's Anna and Bill? Aren't they going? You know Bill lives up there now.

*Syb:* He lives up there?

*Betty:* Sweet child, where have you been? Do you mean to say you haven't heard of Collins' Health Farm, of which Harry Tomlinson is director?

*Syb:* Harry Tomlinson—the fellow that used to think Blue Hills Avenue was the cinder path at the Olympic games?

*Betty:* Yes, stupid.

(Betty rising, takes off coat and throws it across chair and on top of dress Syb has just ironed—tosses hat on sofa.)

*Syb:* Betty! My dress—can't you take the dust out of your eyes and watch what you're doing? (Removes coat.)

*Betty:* Well, what about my coat I spent two hours selecting at the Skinus Fur Co.—you don't even notice it. But listen—guess who owns it—Al Schoolnik!

*Syb:* No kidding!

*Betty:* Yes, and Minnie Mott is his secretary and Dave Epstein his advertising manager.

*Syb:* I'm not surprised. Dave always was a little broadcasting station himself—But why all the bundles?

*Betty* (Opening bundles): A curling iron. (Holding it in hand). I saw this at Ruth Ludlow's Beauty Parlor and thought you might want to send it to George Eak; he always was anxious to curl his hair. (She lays that aside and takes out a hat of the 1900 style.) This is my new hat. Don't you think its adorable? I think it is the most original thing!

*Syb:* It certainly is—especially that feather, it looks like a wing of the Spirit of St. Louis.

*Betty:* Now, Syb, it does not. (Goes to mirror.)

*Syb:* But it does.

*Betty:* All right, Sylvia. (Replaces hat in box.) Here's your laundry. Larry and Dot spent all day trying to get it ready for you. Guess I'll toddle-oo to bed. Go easy on the lights, will you, please—they always shine directly into that room.

*Syb:* I'm going to listen to the radio a while. Katherine Bonadies and Edith McDonald are going to broadcast, from the WOW station tonight, their latest song hit entitled "What Would Venus do if Ju-bit-her?" You know Henry L. Rolfe, 3rd, is chief announcer there. He was one of the charter members of that famous club at Weaver, called the Radio Club.

*Betty:* Well, at least they brought the World Series games to Room 303. That's more than the C. H. L. S. ever did, I guess. (Goes.)

*Syb:* Night.

(Betty exits. Syb tunes in WOW.)

*Announcer:* This is W. O. W. Tomorrow evening the important feature on our program will be the broadcast of the banquet program. First we will hear from Max Greenberg, Mayor of Margolistown, who in turn will introduce John Codraro, chief speaker. Mr. Codraro will speak on "Gas as I Have Given It." Part of the entertainment will be combination toe and heel dance by Lena Rosenthal and Hugo Roos. Ed Davidson will give a health talk on 15 "do nots" and dozen "dos." An added attraction will be a debate by Nate Glassman and Lester Woolley on—Resolved: That bowlegs are more attractive than knock-



knees. The judges will be Louis Moses, Jacob Glaser and Right Rev. Joseph Friedman. We have here a special news bulletin from the Cider Press—Rabbis Murphy and Rabinowitz denounce the latest popular show, “The Scandals.” William Newman and Ruth Paul left the matinee in loud protest. This concludes our programme for the evening. We are now signing off until 2:40 tomorrow afternoon when we will broadcast a play-by-play account of the annual tiddle-winks contest between Izzy Kaplan’s School of Oratory and Sig Goldstein’s School of Facial Expressions. Milton Keller, a tiddle-winks player of standing, will referee. This is station W. O. W. signing off—good night.

(Sylvia in the meantime has fallen asleep. Hal enters and walks stealthily around to chair, glances at Syb, sees she is asleep and attempts to open table drawer. He is unsuccessful and drops jack as well. He starts up, but as all is quiet goes to work again. Syb awakes, does not scream, but seizes a book and hits Hal a resounding blow. Hal staggers and stumbles across to sofa, but slides to floor. Sylvia calls hysterically to Betty to dress quickly and come out. She then goes to window and calls for a policeman, and turns up light. Betty enters first and screams. Policeman (Tom) enters, announcing: “Police Department. What’s the trouble, miss?”

*Syb:* A burglar—and I’m afraid I’ve killed him.

*Tom:* Don’t worry about that miss,—you can’t be too gentle with some of these crooks. (Bends over and examines Hal, feels pulse, gazes at hand.)

*Tom:* Hm—what do you know about that! My old class ring, the good old class of ’28A at Weaver—the best class that ever—

*Betty and Syb:* 1928A—Weaver High School!!!

*Syb:* Why that was our class. Who are you?

*Tom:* That can’t be possible, why, I—

*Betty:* Why, I know you—you’re Tom Stack. (Rushes up and seizes his hand.) How are you, you old astronomy shark. I haven’t seen you for ages. (Turning to Syb.) Don’t you recognize him, Syb?

*Syb:* Why sure I do. My isn’t this a pleasant surprise? Of all the persons, I didn’t expect to see you in a sergeant’s uniform, Tommy.

*Tom:* Well, I’ll be a—How are you girls? Gosh! its great to see you again! Are you still living together?

*Syb:* Why yes, but sit down for a moment, Tom and let’s have some cider and a little chat. Tell us about yourself.

(Syb gets large pitcher of cider that is nearby.)

*Tom:* Oh, there’s not much to tell. I got a job here mainly through the influence of Captain Weltner of the New York Police Force. You know George, don’t you? He was one of the bright lights of our memorable class.

*Betty:* Do we know him? Say do you remember the time when he broke

his leg and how the class missed him? He was a peach of a fellow, quiet but influential. Well, go on, Tom.

*Tom:* Oh yes, whom do you think I met the other day—Thelma Cohen, Hard Boiled Hannah of Captain Applejack.

*Syb:* What is Thelma doing now—still trying to steal the 500,000 pounds?

*Tom:* Oh no. She's bringing up a suit against Alex Rosenbaum for damages to her cow. As Thelma does not believe in men any more, she has hired a woman lawyer who was also a member of our class, Beatrice Berg. Thelma believes she will win the case for her by her versatile line of speaking in which she excels all other lawyers in the—(a groan from Hal interrupts Tom and the attention of all three is turned towards him.) Gosh, I almost forgot about this fellow—hey there (jerks Hal) what are you doing here under these circumstances?

*Hal:* Where am I? (Rubs head and glances around inquiringly.) The police! Why, what's the matter? What have I done?

*Tom:* What have you—

*Hal:* Oh yes! Now I remember. But please officer, before you arrest me just listen to my story.

*Tom:* Better save it for the judge. Besides I already know one or two good bedtime stories myself.

*Hal:* Please, officer—this is original.

*Syb and Betty:* Let him tell it, Tom.

*Tom:* Well—go ahead.

*Hal:* Jacobson, one of the city's most influential politicians, chosen from the Home for Bowlegged Spiders, to run for Mayor in 1938, hired me, his campaign manager, to break into a few of the leading homes of Fifth Avenue, in an effort to show up the police force, as his motto is a "Bigger and Better Police Force" and as it happened, the first home I broke into was that of "Polly" Phelps, one of my former classmates from Weaver's class of 1928A. There I stole a sweater. . . .

*Tom:* Say, before you ramble on any further, who are you?

*Hal:* Why, my name is Harold Shoor.

*All:* Harold Shoor!

*Hal:* Why, what's the matter?

*Betty:* Don't you know us?

*Hal:* Why no, not that I can remember—but wait a minute, your faces look familiar—say, I can't remember your names, but I'm almost sure that you were in my old class at Weaver.

*Syb:* Sure we were, don't you remember Syb, Tom and Betty?

*Hal:* Why sure I do! How are you all? ((Shakes hands.))

*Tom:* Well, this is a regular reunion of the class of 1928A. Those were the good old times we had in Room 227. You were speaking of "Polly" Phelps, weren't you? Do you remember the time when several of the boys started a beauty contest determining whose leg was shapeliest and most beautiful—and Polly won—

*Syb:* Now, you're beginning to sound like all those class histories.

*Harold:* No, we'd begin differently, anyway. We could say that our class was the first to go through Weaver in four years.

*Betty:* Thank heavens! we didn't have to go to H. P. H. S. at all. But I'll never forget when we had to use the lunchroom for a study hall, and the hot dogs got history dates plastered all over them instead of mustard. It was a flop.

*Syb:* Another thing that went flat was the Student Council.

*Tom:* Yes, that evaporated the way the Nominating Committee did.

*Hal:* That's where "Mush" Dobofsky came to the front.

*Betty:* What's he doing now, I wonder?

*Hal:* Oh, he's been tamed, all right. Pearl Posmanter saw to that. He is taking the part of Puck, the fairy jester in Max Glaiber's startling melodrama, "Daisies In May." Roslyn Parsons, Dorothy Ferris, Della Gurwitz and Sarah Ritvo compose the Daisy Quartette.

*Syb:* We could have staged that on that lawn in front of Weaver in 1924. It resembled a meadow if I remember correctly. But later on it became a velvet plain, and a fine athletic field was made in back and dedicated by Mr. Walter Batterson in 1926.

*Tom:* But the team won only moral victories on the field until the leadership was entrusted into the capable hands of a member of our class. And say, do you remember when we won the city championship in basketball and baseball? H. P. H. S. and Bulkeley didn't have a chance and then, to show our generosity, we let H. P. H. S. beat us in football.

*Betty:* Do you remember the time when our football team had to go unshaven, for losing to New Britain, and almost got a job, posing for Colgates Shaving Cream ads.

*Tom:* Say in connection with football, don't forget that football dance in 1926.

*Betty:* But the Lookout dance we had during our Senior year was even better. Say, Syb, being a veteran of the W. B. R., tell the boys about it.

*Syb:* Oh, the bus ride to Westminster. I'm sorry to say that we lost the game, but that ride proved to be a great success. But, when I think of the language used inside the bus, between the halves—(Telephone rings.)



*Betty:* (Answering phone): Hello. Oh, hello, Earleen. What? Why that's too bad. Why don't you give him some of Donald Swift's "Peal-Em-Off" Corn Plasters? Yes, what! how exciting! I'll tell Syb about it. Good-by.

*Syb:* What's the matter?

*Betty:* That was Earleen Fairweather, (to boys) you know her, don't you?

*Hal and Tom:* Sure.

*Betty:* Well she keeps boarders and her star boarder, Ken McLeod, has sore feet, and she wanted some advice as to what to give him so that he may be able to see Sylvia Weiner in "The Talkative Woman" at the Lenox tonight. But what do you think of this? Bill Baron is poet laureate to King Ferdinand 99th, and Eileen Kennedy is his court jester.

*Syb:* Her ready wit would get her somewhere.

*Tom:* She was a member of that gang of yours, wasn't she? It certainly was some gang. You were in existence from your freshman year and the things you've done to make you notorious, or rather famous, would fill a book. What's become of the last of the seven, Olive Trudeau—I suppose she's an Indian by now.

*Betty:* No, she's a writer and has just finished a book entitled, "The Art of Spilling Things." Do you remember her as waitress of the Boys' Club suppers?

*Tom:* Sure, and what pretty waitresses! It's too bad we weren't allowed to "butler" at the Girls' League Suppers. You'd have seen something then.

*Syb:* Don't pat yourself on the back. We got along very nicely without boys—strange as it may seem.

*Betty:* Syb, that doesn't sound natural.

*Hal:* But didn't we help you out in that Girls' League Show, "Then and Now." Remember how Johnny Ward starred?

*Syb:* Just the same, the "Fashion Show" in 1925, without boys, was just as great. There were quite a few girls in our class who "strutted" that night.

*Tom:* But by the way we're speaking anyone would think our childish high school days were all a bed of roses.

*Hal:* They might have been a few roses, but I felt some thorns also.

*Syb:* You don't mean that you didn't enjoy the days you spent with dear old 28A?

*Hal:* I should say I did, but I mean things like this sixth period.

*Betty:* And when it was found that we didn't suffer enough in six periods we were given another in the form of forty minutes after school.

*Hal:* That made us miss the afternoon show at the Lenox. Gosh! how sad that made me feel—anyway the Lenox kept on going without us. I don't see how it could, but it did.

*Betty:* And don't forget how we fussed and fumed about the idea of having exams during school. But it didn't do much good, complaining. (Door bell rings.)

*Syb:* I'll see who it is. (Exits.)

*Tom:* I saw Pauline Greenbaum yesterday promenading along Riverside Drive with her pet hound and she told me that Thelma Holden and Nadie Kaplan were writing a sequel to Anita Loos's famous novel. Theirs is entitled, "We Know Why Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

*Betty:* They ought to—who was it, Syb.

*Syb:* Oh, it was only Alice Taxsar. She rang the wrong door bell. She meant to ring Mildred Oliver's who lives in the next apartment with Ruth Levy. They, together with Mabel Golden, Marion Moran, and Rose Gordon, compose a self-elected committee to investigate the conditions existing among the three-legged cows in Poland.

*Hal* (Picking up paper): What's this! Louis J. Kotofsky, retired Kansas City traveling salesman, tells reporter that he started his fortune with three labeled hotel towels, two coat hangers, thirteen bars of Fairy soap, and a hotel key. (Turning to others.) You remember Louis and his jokes, don't you?

*All:* Do we—and how!!!

*Tom:* Say, I heard that Robert Kellogg has signed up "Gert" Coledesky to sing at the Capitol Theatre next week. Only standing room left now. I have four complimentary tickets. I almost forgot them, I'm getting so absent-minded. Would you like to go?

*Hal:* Oh, ha, ha! Speaking about absent-mindedness, you haven't anything on "Terry" Evanier. He went to Frances Arenson's dentistry parlor the other day to have his wisdom tooth extracted. When she asked him if he wanted to take gas, he replied, "I guess I'd better, and while you're about it, you might as well take a look at my oil, and also see if I have enough alcohol in my radiator."

*All:* Ha-ha-ha!

(*Syb* in the meantime has taken paper from *Hal*.)

*Syb:* Here's something of interest by the noted woman sportswriter, Leah Perkel—(reads) Miss Vida Bell gave a demonstration of fancy skating at the Lake Bottom Carnival. Miss Bell is the originator of a new ice dance called, "Cracked Ice."

*Betty:* She certainly was a whiz on ice skates, but it took our gang to show the world how to roller skate.

*Hal:* Yes, I believe they introduced that roller skating step called "Cracked Bones." I noticed that several of them were past masters at it.

*Tom* (Looking at paper that *Syb* has dropped.): What! Sonia Epstein and Celia Wittel conducting a tour into the jungles of South America searching for bald-headed elephants!

*Betty:* Read on!

*Tom:* While on this trip Miss Wittel came across a tribe of Maddahunian cannibals of which Julia Piccolo, a classmate of Miss Wittel, was queen. Another classmate, Miss Rose Himmelstein, is chief cook and bottle washer.

*Syb:* Oh, the poor cannibals!

*Hal:* Speaking of foreign lands, I heard that Julius Nathanson and Lee Weiber are selling surf-boards to Russian peasants and have decided to retire in another year; in fact they may have retired already, as in a confidential note from Nathanson he asked me if I knew of a good place to hide. He has traveled extensively and he says that when he was going through Corsica he met Florence Kaplan, who was visiting the King of Spades.

*Betty:* There goes that telephone again. I wonder if it will ever stop ringing—answer it Syb, it is probably for you anyway.

*Syb* (at phone): Hello—yes the Police Department—you say there's an officer loitering about this house. Why yes there's an officer here, but there's a burglar here also. Shall you send the patrol—Tom, I mean officer—Do you want the patrol sent up here for that burglar.

*Tom:* I think—

*Syb:* No, never mind. He says he'll be able to manage him himself. All right. Good-bye. (To Tom) Tom you must leave here quick.

*Betty:* But what about Harold?

*Hal:* I'll sneak out the back door.

*Syb:* No, Harold, you let Tom take you out the front way and Tom, make out he's a real crook.

*Tom:* All right. Good night girls.

*Betty and Syb:* Good night boys.

*Hal:* Good night.

The curtain begins to fall as Tom drags Hal off stage.

The End.

ELIZABETH M. HOGAN,  
SYLVIA MATHER  
HAROLD SHOOR,  
THOMAS J. STACK.





# Class Will

## FRIENDS AND RELATIVES:

You see massed before you an aggregation of the foremost students of the Weaver High School, the Class of 1928A. During our struggle for our enviable position, like great armies, we have taken spoils to symbolize our attainments. As all great powers pass on after the pinnacle is reached and there are no higher honors to be heaped upon them, so it is with us. By piercing the near future we see that dear old Weaver will no longer be honored by our presence as a collected group. So before the dissolving of the most eminent group of students ever to be gathered, we wish to leave to future generations the booty which we have obtained in our pursuit of fame. The Class of 1928A has chosen me, her unobtrusive and virtuous lawyer, to draw up her last will and testament, and righteously to dispose of her valuables.

We, the Class of 1928A, of the Weaver High School, Hartford, Connecticut, in the United States of America, having a stable organization and being energetic, progressive and prosperous, draw up and announce this as our last will and testament, thereby making any documents previous to this null and void.

To Mr. Holden, whose paternal love and guidance we have had for four years, we give and bequeath the time-saving nomination and election committee which he prescribed for saving four or five weeks of time and trouble.

To Mr. Burke, whose fiery orations stimulated the great spirit of our class, both in studies and sports, we give and bequeath the pictures we so gallantly took in the auditorium to provide inspiration for more of his speeches to classes that follow us.

To Miss Talcott, the mother of the school, we give and bequeath a petition for girl cheer-leaders and a joint supper between the Girls' League and Boys' Club, with hopes that she will justly criticize and return the same with the unanimous vote of "Yes."

To Mr. Darling, our beloved session room teacher, we give and bequeath a periscope so that he won't dislocate the parts of his anatomy trying to see around the corners in 227.

To Mr. Stone we give and bequeath two city championships, basketball and baseball, and the best football team Weaver ever had, to be held as the greatest achievements of any class.

To Miss Kneil, the lovable librarian, we give and bequeath a model library with the aisles free of chairs and the tables vacant of books; and also the missing copy of the December "Popular Science."

To Mr. Kimball, we give and bequeath "Larry" Battistini's disguises, in order that he may more easily snoop about the lunchroom and catch the guilty ones that cut in line and leave their dirty dishes in the improper places.

To Miss Fleming, our sweet little nurse, we give and bequeath a couple of sofas so that conditions for her needy patients will be ameliorated.

To Robert Fox, that most noble character, we give and bequeath a whistle in order to facilitate traffic conditions on Jewish Holidays.

To Matthew Kelly, the winged-foot of Weaver, we give and bequeath a device designed by George Eak, our master auto mechanic and astronomer, for writing tardy slips.

To the incoming class of seniors we give and bequeath "Hymie" Rabinowitz's bicycle, to be used jointly among them in order that they may get to school by 8:30 A. M.

To the girls of Weaver High we give and bequeath "Bill" Newman's school-girl complexion in hopes that it will banish the curse of vanity cases.

To "Tommy" Walsh's and "Gib" Williams' tender care we give and bequeath the solemn duty of consoling the fairer sex that are left broken-hearted by "Bill" Collins and "Tommy" Stack.

To Master Aaron Pivnick we give and bequeath "Mush" Dubofsky's football shoes, wishing him the success of our erstwhile hero.

To "Gerty" Coledesky and "Sig" Goldstein, we give and bequeath a searchlight and telescope to hunt for treasure more efficiently.

To "Tiny" Berman, we give and bequeath the lunchroom, now that we have no further use for it.

To Myer Ogens, "Dave" Epstein leaves the troubles accompanying the editorship of the class book.

To "Baron" Kotofsky, we give and bequeath a bomb of mustard gas, to be used solely for his own protection against barbers.

To the Salvation Army we give and bequeath "Max" Glaiber's kettle drums.

To all ineligibles we give and bequeath the marks of George Weltuer and Sylvia Weiner, to be used as seen fit.

Signed and sealed by the Class of 1928A, witnessed as the legal and final testament of the aforementioned Class by us:

"Cal," who does not choose to sign,  
Jack Dempsey,  
The Fishel brothers, "Benj." and "Artie"  
"Polly" Phelps.

APOLLOS L. PHELPS.

# Class Poem

NOS DISCESSURI — — —

Oh, Weaver, wrought by human hands in stone,  
And set within our hearts among the great,  
Defying elements, you stand alone  
In mockery of raging time, sure fate.  
Our footsteps in your halls will ring no more,  
As through the fleeting years you rule in state;  
You live, we die; what God holds locked in store  
No man can ever see, through the dim future's door.

Oh friends whom we have known in days gone by,  
Live on in happiness, content, and rest;  
To leave you now means just a tear and sigh  
Of thankfulness, that you these years have blest.  
Keep up the noble work you have begun;  
For learning's grail your self-denying quest,  
A lofty purpose, shining like the sun  
Emblazons all the world, the good that you have done.

Now we must leave the stage set for our youth,  
To go out in a world that lauds success,  
Treads down a failure, laughs when told the truth,  
Takes sacrifice for granted, fails to bless,  
Like mighty monster steeped in self-content;  
'Tis well to know this cruel human press  
Where characters of men are slowly bent,  
And tempered by experience, learn to relent.

WILLIAM BARON.





# The “What’s-Whats” of 1928 A

GERTRUDE COLEDESKY	. . .	<i>Most Popular</i>	. . . .	WILLIAM BARON
RUTH GREENBERG	. . .	<i>Biggest Borrower</i>	. . . .	ISADORE KAPLAN
DOROTHY ROBERTS	. . .	<i>Most Flirtatious</i>	. . . .	HAROLD PORTER
ANNA PETERS	. . . .	<i>Cutest</i>	. . . .	HAROLD SHOOR
EARLEEN FAIRWEATHER	. . .	<i>Best Dressed</i>	. . . .	WILLIAM NEWMAN
NETTIE CODRARO	. . . .	<i>Daintiest</i>	. . . .	HENRY ROLFE
SYLVIA MATHER	. . . .	<i>Most Capable</i>	. . . .	GEORGE WELTNER
THELMA COHEN	. . . .	<i>Wittiest</i>	. . . .	BERNARD EVANIER
BEATRICE BERG	. . . .	<i>Most Loquacious</i>	. . . .	ISADORE KAPLAN
THELMA ALTSHULER	. . . .	<i>Most Credulous</i>	. . . .	STANLEY TAPARAUCKAS
MABEL GOLDEN	. . . .	<i>Most Serious</i>	. . . .	LESTER WOOLLEY
MABEL GOLDEN	. . . .	<i>Cleverest</i>	. . . .	DAVID EPSTEIN
ELIZABETH HOGAN	. . . .	<i>Silliest</i>	. . . .	SIGMUND GOLDSTEIN
SYLVIA LIPPMAN	. . . .	<i>Most Dignified</i>	. . . .	LESTER WOOLLEY
ALICE TAXSAR	. . . .	<i>Best Looking</i>	. . . .	WILLIAM COLLINS
VIDA BELL	. . . .	<i>Most Unassuming</i>	. . . .	MAX GREENBERG
SYLVIA WEINER	. . . .	<i>Most Conservative</i>	. . . .	HENRY ROLFE
SYLVIA LIPPMAN	. . . .	<i>Most Level-Headed</i>	. . . .	NATHAN GLASSMAN
EARLEEN FAIRWEATHER	. . . .	<i>Most Versatile</i>	. . . .	DAVID EPSTEIN
VIDA BELL	. . . .	<i>Best Athlete</i>	. . . .	APOLLOS PHELPS
GERTRUDE COLEDESKY	. . . .	<i>Busiest</i>	. . . .	DAVID EPSTEIN
LENA WIEBER	. . . .	<i>Most Individual</i>	. . . .	DAVID JACOBSON
ELIZABETH HOGAN	. . . .	<i>Most Procrastinating</i>	. . . .	LAWRENCE BATTISTINI
RUTH PAUL	. . . .	<i>Quietest</i>	. . . .	LOUIS MOSES
GERTRUDE COLEDESKY		<i>Has Done Most for Weaver</i>	. . . .	DAVID EPSTEIN

WORDS BY WILLIAM BARON

## CLASS SONG OF '28A

M. KENNETH GLAIBER MUSIC BY

OH WEA - VER HIGH WE LEAVE YOU WITH SOR - ROW IN - OUR HEARTS, AT  
FOUGHT TO HOLD YOUR HON - OR BRIGHT AND KEEP YOUR STAN - DARD HIGH, OLD

LAST THE TIME HAS COME WHEN WE FOR GREAT - ER CON - QUEST START, suc -  
GREEN AND WHITE WHAT E'ER WE DO OUR LOVE FOR YOU CAN'T DIE, YOU

CESS SEEMS VER - Y EAS - Y IN THE VIG - OR OF OUR YOUTH, BUT  
SET US ON THE ROAD OF LIFE WITH EAR - NEST - NESS TO STRIVE, GREAT

FOR IT'S BLESS - INGS WE MUST TOIL TO TELL OUR - SELVES THE TRUTH. OH  
OB - STA - CLES TO OV - ER COME FROM WRONG TO MAKE A RIGHT. FARE -

SCHOOL WHERE WE SPENT HAP - PY DAYS IN LEARN - ING AND IN PLAY, WE  
WELL GOOD FRIENDS WHO HELPED US WHEN WE STRUG - GLED IN THE TIDE, THE

HATE TO LEAVE YOU WEA - VER BUT WE MUST BE ON OUR WAY. WE  
AD - MIR - A - TION WE FEEL WE DO NOT CARE TO D.S. AL F CODA

CODA

HIDE

## CLASS SONG~28A

WORDS BY NATHAN GLASSMAN

MUSIC BY DAVID JACOBSON

The musical score is handwritten on a single page. It features eight staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with a common time signature 'C'. The second staff has a '4' below the first measure. The third staff has a '4' below the first measure. The fourth staff has a '4' below the first measure. The fifth staff has a '4' below the first measure. The sixth staff has a '4' below the first measure. The seventh staff has a '4' below the first measure. The eighth staff has a '4' below the first measure. The lyrics are: 'Thank-ful are we for teach-ing, Aims we have formed a-non. Hopes we have set on high For deeds we now shall try. Dear we'll keep those mem-ries ever, As we now depart. And with hon-or e'er re-flecting On you, Weaver High. At last we now must leave you, Oh Weaver High so dear and here we part with friendships, We've made from year to year. And now as we are leaving these last words we say, With one great voice so loyal, An adieu from twenty eight A'.

Thank-ful are we for teach-ing, Aims we have formed a-non.  
Hopes we have set on high For deeds we now shall try

Dear we'll keep those mem-ries ever, As we now depart.  
And with hon-or e'er re-flecting On you, Weaver High.

At last we now must leave you, Oh Weaver High so dear and  
here we part with friendships, We've made from year to  
year. And now as we are leaving these last words we say, With  
one great voice so loyal, An adieu from twenty eight A





# THE LIGHTER SIDE

BY

“The Jolly Jesters  
and Jestresses”

OF THE CLASS BOOK BOARD



# CLASS STATISTICS

After great and painstaking research, we, of inquiring minds, are pleased to announce the following statistics gathered from our class:

The students happy to leave our beloved Alma Mater, three of the 89.

Students who wanted the class nominating committee, 80 of the 89.

Members of the class who have never received any demerits, number indeterminate.

Boys who wished to wear red ties at graduation, 42 of the 42.

Young ladies who objected to dancing at the basketball games, 0 (to the tenth power).

Students who have never objected on receiving demerits or the 40 minute penalty (according to their own statements), none.

Vote for having Class of 1928A dismissed at 12 o'clock, Pro: 4; Con: 85.

Girls who wished to ban the use of cosmetics on graduation night, 46. (Total number of girls, 46.)

Boys who refused to accept letters and sweaters for excellence in "gym" work, 38 of the 42.

Pupils of the Chem. II class who wanted to repeat the H<sub>2</sub>S experiments, the whole class minus 99.4% (pure).

Fellows who would like to be football heroes (for one day only), 3.

Vote to allow upper seniors to come into school 10 minutes late, Pro: 5; Con: 83.

Girls who said that their class pictures "came out" marvellous, 3.

Fellows who did not tell the girls that their pictures were very pretty, 7.

Students who think they should have been voted the best looking, 88 of the 89.

"College English 8" students who are just "wild" over poetry, 36.

Students who believe the truth of these statistics, BLANK!!!



### CONFESSIONS OF A FOOTBALL PLAYER

NEVER in the history of our high school has a graduating class been so blest with football brilliants as this great 1928A class of ours. Of the eighty-nine students, girls and boys, there are no less than nine who have received that much coveted "W."

Before continuing, I think a word about the general rise of Weaver football is appropriate. In 1925 we won but one game of seven, and as a matter of fact did not score a single point until the fourth game. In 1926 the team showed a little improvement, and turned in two wins out of six starts. That 1926 team, by the way, from the form it displayed in the first two games appeared to be one of the most powerful in the state. It had speed, brawn and skill. Papers were hailing us as the state champions, and as the likely conquerors of Hartford High and New Britain. But instead of the team sweeping on it cracked like the Florida real estate boom, and lost all of the remaining games. The student bodies and outsiders shook their heads and mumbled that we were an overrated team, and that publicity and laxity had gotten the best of us. Last season we compiled the best record, winning five out of seven games. A record to be proud of to say the least.

Last season's team, of all the teams, was the most harmonious, and I know of what I speak when I make such a statement. At the outset of the past season, Mr. Stone, who directs the destinies of the Weaver teams, had the tragedy of the '26 eleven before him, and he meant not to have another such recurrence. I shall never forget a certain day last fall when he summoned us in the corrective gym. "Football," he began, "is a man's game; cut out the 'kid stuff' and play it like men. Cut out this petty squabbling and jealousy. Cut out—." And so he continued for fully an hour. Needless to say, there was no more "kid stuff" the remainder of the season.

According to some people in the stands, comfortably seated, a football season for the players is like one big picnic; it's nothing but fun from beginning to end. These people, I dare say, have never played the game. Little do the elderly people, the sporty young gentlemen, and the young ladies realize what a football season means to the members of a team. Football is a rough, tough game. A season is a grind from the first days of practice to the end of the big classic in the late fall. The football player must go to bed at an early hour, must give up smoking, must abstain from liquor, must abstain from the majority of pleasures, and must make many sacrifices. Violators of the training



rules show it in their playing. And then, a season is filled with considerable disappointment.

I, and my team-mates, shall never forget the late Hartford High game in which we were conquered, 18-0. Never in all my days did I see a team fight so doggedly and splendidly as our team of 1927 did that afternoon. I can particularly remember an instance in the last quarter during the closing moments of the game. The score was 18-0, and we were a beaten team, since there was but five minutes to play. Yet, we did not know it. We had played the whole second half minus the support of our cheering section which had been so bombastic during the earlier part of the game (Weaver rooters have a peculiar propensity of shutting up like clams when their team starts to lose). The ball was on our thirty yard line and was in the possession of our opponents. H. P. H. S. was in the huddle at the time, and so I had an opportunity to look over my teammates. Keller, the captain, had a face that resembled a cornfield swept by a Kansan cyclone, and was saturated with mud. Baron was restlessly shuffling his feet, and mumbling—mumbluig things which I do not dare relate. From his nose a stream of blood poured onto his pants and green jersey. Ken McLeod was on one knee, unable to lift it, due to a severe wrenching he had received during an earlier part of the game; and then, there was that lovable yodler of ours, Mush Dubofsky. His wrist was swollen and his face was cleaved with cuts and abrasions. And the rest of the team had their hurts, for they were tired, oh, so tired—but they were still fighting! When we arrived at the school for our showers that day, Mr. Stone called us into the corrective gym. There was utter silence, and we expected a thorough “bawling out.” “Fellows,” he began, with a soft emotional voice, “I’m proud of you. Everyone of you played a whale of a game.” At this point there was considerable sniffing and rubbing of eyes. “You fellows deserved a better fate,” he continued. “You fellows deserved a better fate—but never mind. Never mind what any of the backbiters have to say. Never—.” And at this point half of the team began to sob like babes, led by Bill Baron and the ponderous Mush. Oh, what a sight it was, and oh, the tears that flowed that day!

The following Monday and Tuesday was an ordeal. All we heard were the descriptive adjectives “yellow,” “quitters,” and the like. The only kind words we got were when we met each other in the corridors.

Yes, we got plenty of glamor and plenty of Yea, rah, rahs. And we got plenty of heart-pangs and disappointment—and last but not least, plenty of knocks, bangs and bruises. The smell of salves and liniments became to us like the smell of the kitchen range.

Anyway, football took the softness out of us, taught us to take punishment, and taught us how to create an appetite. Am I right, Keller, Baron, Dubofsky, Collins, McLeod, Phelps, Roos, Margolis?

To be frank, the past season was not so severe as I think I have portrayed it. We had our fun, our jokes and our pranks.

I can remember a certain afternoon when we were practicing as the Girls' League was holding some kind of a "coming out" party in the gym. (Naturally, our attention was somewhat distracted). At first the girls began to sing, and that was awful; but when they began to play on their instruments—well, that was better. "Mush," nimble little nymph, could not resist the strains, and he burst out in the classical dance of the seven veils, winding serpentine-like from one side of the field to the other. There is no telling how long he would have continued in his display of ecstacy had not Mr. Stone made his appearance a short while later.

During the course of the afternoon, several comely girls made their appearance at the huge gym windows, and several of the squad—in fact all—noticed these damsels. And I must say that as far as I can remember I have yet to see such a display of "pep" and dash as was demonstrated by us that balmy afternoon, while our co-eds looked on. Footballs flew about; men leaped into the ozone for passes; and the tackling dummy was fairly disintegrated by savage tackling.

And we had our sentimental moments, too. During the East Hartford game, "Polly" Phelps intercepted a pass and dashed twenty yards before he was brought to earth by a mass of tacklers. We lined up, ready to resume play, but to our chagrin we found that we were minus a quarterback and fullback. Looking some ten yards in the rear of us, we saw the missing duo, and lo, they were locked in amorous embrace! Another time, in the Bulkeley game, I happened to carry the ball for some thirty yards, and at this time Bulkeley took time out. While I was on one knee waiting for the game to continue, I felt a pair of arms clasp themselves around my neck, and the next instant I felt myself kissed on the forehead. For a moment I forgot myself, and was about to—. Well, I looked up—and of all things, it was Bill Baron! "Nice work, Bat," he mumbled, while I eyed him suspiciously (for Bill isn't French).

Once, during scrimmage, Margolis lost his footing, and his head sank into the loins of an enemy ball-carrier, felling the latter like a log. The enemy ball-carrier, who was Tepper, arose, but Margolis remained still on the ground. The next instant Coach Stone's voice rang out. "That's using your head, Margolis." . . . You know, these coaches are at times really humorous.

Even Miss Fleming, our nurse, was affiliated with a phase of our football activity. Miss Fleming—and you budding gridiron stars take notice—knew the romances of every member of the squad from their humble beginnings to their present state. Anything we or our lady friends did off the football arena was sure to somehow reach Miss Fleming; and I must say that Miss Fleming certainly enjoyed popularity, at least with the team. Milt Keller once in a while was tardy for practice, and on these instances he could be found in Miss Fleming's office. I have often wondered if it was his interest in Miss Fleming or the "inside dope" he was after.

We foot-ballers had our lady loves too. I remember an instance before the Lewis High game while we were dolling up in our dressing rooms. It seems, "Mush" had gone into Mr. Stone's office to have an injury attended to, and I, whose locker was next to his, was having difficulty fastening my cleats. While I was sweating and grumbling over my difficulty I happened to notice a shiny object at the bottom of Mush's locker. I forgot the cleat, and picked it up. The object turned out to be a photograph—and of a woman, a smiling young lass in her teens! On the back, the following was penned with feminine delicacy: "To Maurice—Celia." Milt Keller, it was rumored — in fact, it was known—was madly in love with a certain Bulkeley maiden; and Bill Collins wasn't called "sissy" by the Bulkeley rooters at the football games for no reason at all either. Even Ken McLeod, who professes to love chemistry and H<sub>2</sub>S experiments above all else, was known to have an interest in a Tower Avenue maiden. And the flowers I have seen in "Polly's" buttonhole and the brightly-hued handkerchiefs I have observed in Baron's vest pockets don't let them out of this "ladyfair" business either.

The members of the 1927 football team were punctual lads, and with one exception seldom missed practice—that exception was the writer. I shall long remember those icy glances cast at me by our coach when I showed up for practice at four or four-thirty due to a rehearsal of the Dramatic Club. Foot-ballers of the rugged type at times ridicule those who go in for dramatics and the like. For one solid week I had to put up with friendly taunts and rebukes, because I was a "dramatic actor" as they called it. Hugo Roos seemed to take particular delight in calling me "the leading lady."

When I think of the fun I've had playing football for the good old Green and White, and of my great love for the game, I become sad and unhappy to think that I have worn a Weaver suit for the last time, and that no longer shall I dash across the chalked lines of Batterson Field. Football, and the honor of playing it for Weaver, are two hard things to give up. And I know my teammates think the same.



Football is a wonderful game and must be kept in our high schools and colleges. It builds character, develops the body and develops the mind. It is a game that demands clean living, clean thinking and clean playing.

Leslie Mann, a star athlete and thinker, says that athletes are the world's greatest lovers. And he's right. I do not mean that they (necessarily) are unequalled for efficiency in the company of women, but I mean that their love of the game, love of their school, love of their coach, and love of their fellow players is unsurpassed.

In concluding, I have a will to read, and that will is as follows: "To the team of 1928, we bequeath our ambition to defeat H. P. H. S. in football."

Signed, "the foot-ballers of '28A."

BY LAWRENCE H. BATTISTINI,

*Left Halfback '25, '26, '27.*

“THE RUSSIAN TRAGEDY”

*By Dmitri Youmuscomora (Harold Porter)*

SCENE: Banks of the Volga, Bolshevik camp in background, Volga boatmen in distance.

(Enter Baron Kotofsky in imperial garb, followed by servant.)

*Baron:* Dog of a servant, have you procured the dozen bombs that I commanded you?

*Servant:* Yes, sir. At once, sir. (Exit servant.)

*Baron (alone):* Ah, I can hardly wait! (withdrawing document from robe and reading) “You are a graduate of the Moscow Public Bombing School and have attained a degree of ABC. You are now eligible to enter the service of the Russian Government in the highly-developed bombing division.” Ah, I am a success in life!

(Enter servant with box.)

*Servant:* Here they are, sir.

*Baron:* What did you pay for the bombs?

*Servant:* Two thousand rubles.

*Baron:* Dog, you should not have paid more than fifteen hundred. I will show you how to spend my fortune!

(Baron, infuriated, takes bomb from box and hurls at servant.)

(Exit servant.)



“SO THIS IS HEAVEN”

*A Musical Comedy in One Act*

SCENE: The gates of Heaven. Angels flit about on wings. Battistini gently alights from “Slim” Woolley’s plane before the gates amid the sweet strains of lyres.

*Battistini* (gazing about contemplatively): So this is Heaven.

(Enter St. Peter robed in regal green and white.)

*St. Peter*: Who goes there?

*Battistini*: A mere mortal applying for admission into your realm.

*St. Peter*: What have you done of note upon the earth?

*Battistini*: I have solved the problem that has been troubling the civilized world for centuries, Most Holy One!

*St. Peter*: Name it, mortal.

*Battistini* (his mighty chest heaving and his beauteous face gleaming with pride): It is I, Omnipotent One, who have erased from the mortal sphere forever the troublesome chop from chop suey.

*St. Peter* (in deadly anger): Dost thou think, mortal one, that thou art yet worthy of admission to Heaven?

*Battistini* (aghast): I have attended the Thomas Snell Weaver High School and—

*St. Peter* (jubilantly): Enter!

Battistini enters amid great blast of trumpets.

(Curtain.)





WHO CAN TELL, BUT THAT TEN YEARS HENCE, GEORGE EAK MAY BE A TAR FOR UNCLE SAM!



HARRY TOMLINSON, A RELENTLESS, MERCILESS, TEARING, AGGRESSIVE, SNARLING FOOTBALL GLADIATOR, WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN ALL-AMERICAN HAD HE NOT BEEN INJURED



OH, POLLY! YOU AND THAT FLAMING RED SWEATER! IF YOU ONLY KNEW THE EYES YOU HAVE REJUVINATED!—AND THE FEMININE HEARTS YOU HAVE CRUSHED!



MUSH" DUBOFSKY; THE PRODIGAL SON! THE MAN WHO CAME BACK!



**T**HAT BOLD PIRATE, HAROLD PORTER, WHO'S BEEN SAYING "SCUM" IN HIS SLEEP EVER SINCE THE PLAY "CAPTAIN APPLEJACK" WAS GIVEN.



RABINOWITZ SAYS, THAT AFTER HE MAKES HIS PILE HIS ONE GREAT DESIRE IS TO LOCK IN TARRIDGE AND THEN RAISE ONIONS ON THE SHORES OF THE BLACK SEA.

**O**UR EASTWINDLE MOVING-BEES



OH, NO, SIX



**T**HE HELEN WILLS OF THE CLASS OF 1894 -VIDA BELL NO ADVICE, NO H.P. STICKS!



FIFTY YEARS HENCE, OUR BUDDING PHILOSOPHER, JULIUS NATHANSON, WHO HAS SHOWN A DECIDED PROPENSITY FOR THE WORKS OF PLATO, AND OF SOCRATES

WHEN A MAN ARGUES WITH A MAN, THE BETTER MAN WINS, BUT WHEN A MAN ARGUES WITH A WOMAN, THE WOMAN ALWAYS WINS. SO IT IS WITH WEAVER FOOTBALL WHEN WEAVER PLAYS BULALLY JR EAST HART-FORD JR VS THE OTHER TEAM, THE BETTER TEAM WINS, BUT WHEN WEAVER PLAYS H.P.S. H.P.S. ALWAYS WINS.



TOMMY STACK, WELL KNOWN BUTLER, DEBATER, AND GENERAL ALL-AROUND MAN TOMMY MADE A GREAT HIT IN "CAPTAIN APPLEJACK" - OR SHOULD I SAY HIS LEGS!

LARRY DATTOLINI

## "THE CLASS BOOK BOARD HOLDS A MEETING"

*A One-Act Play*

SCENE I—House of Dave Epstein, high chief, etc., of the class of 1928A.

Dave is seen up to his neck in papers. On his right Earleen Fairweather, Gertrude Colodesky and Thelma Cohen are discussing whether the large hats will be back in style again. George Weltner and Nathan Glassman are holding a heated argument. Glassman says George wears his Weaver sweater too much, and George defends himself. Dave, wishing to keep peace and avoid an argument with the fiery Glassman, slips out of his Weaver sweater quietly. Battistini and Evanier are writing a sonnet which deals with the absurd custom of editing a class book, and a means of doing away with them. Eak is busily engaged in consuming some cookies which Dave unwittingly left within his reach.

*Dave* (for the 139th time): Will this board get busy and do some work? Here it is but a week before all copy must be in, and we have loads of work to do. Let's get busy.

(Nobody pays any attention, and the different members of the board continue their occupations.)

*Dave* (again and louder): What do you say? Are you going to get to work?

(He is startled by a movement of Eak, but soon realizes that it is not an answer to his plea which was forthcoming. Eak was only crossing his legs.)

*Dave*: Come people, we must—

(He is interrupted by a movement of the young ladies of the board, and grows lively and more cheery as they approach him. But it is another false alarm. The girls cross to the piano; Earleen plays and Thelma and Gertie lift up their voices in glad emotion.)

*Dave* (for the last time): Are you going to get to work?

No impression on members of board.)

(A revolver appears in Dave's hand; he puts it up to his brain (?), presses the trigger, and falls dead at the foot of the table.)

(Conversation goes on as usual. Battistini covers body of Dave with carpet, and goes back to assist Evanier in writing concluding line of sonnet.)

(Curtain.)

\*This play is dedicated to future class book editors.





## PERIODICALS

<i>American</i>	VIDA BELL
<i>Literary Digest</i>	"LARRY" BATTISTINI
<i>Mercury</i>	"GERT" COLEDESKY
<i>Ladies Home Journal</i>	"SYB" LIPPMAN
<i>Woman's Home Companion</i>	GEORGE EAK
<i>Outlook</i>	OVER KENEY PARK
<i>Country Gentleman</i>	HAROLD PORTER
<i>Time</i>	FOUR YEARS
<i>Bird Lore</i>	GEORGE WELTNER
<i>Saturday Evening Post</i>	LENOX
<i>National Geographic</i>	EILEEN KENNEDY
<i>Review of Reviews</i>	FOR EXAMS
<i>World's Work</i>	"DAVE" EPSTEIN
<i>National Sport</i>	FOOTBALL TEAM
<i>American Sportsman</i>	POLLY PHELPS
<i>Liberty</i>	AFTER GRADUATION
<i>The Scholastic</i>	SYLVIA WEINER
<i>The Gleam</i>	BETTY HOGAN
<i>Vogue</i>	RUTH LUDLOW
<i>The Cosmopolitan</i>	"SYB" MATHER
<i>Modern Priscilla</i>	RUTH PAUL
<i>Good Housekeeping</i>	OLIVE TRUDEAU
<i>Bookman</i>	GEORGE WELTNER
<i>Fifteen Minutes A-Day</i>	8:30 A. M.-8:45 A. M.
<i>House Beautiful</i>	WEAVER

? LITERARY MASTERPIECES ?

<i>Greatheart</i>	"LARRY"
<i>So Big</i>	NATHAN GLASSMAN
<i>The Happy Warrior</i>	BILL BARON
<i>The Young Pitcher</i>	HARRY TOMLINSON
<i>Faint Perfume</i>	BETTY HOGAN
<i>The Short Cut</i>	THROUGH KENY PARK
<i>The Flapper Wife</i>	ANNA PETERS
<i>Wildfire</i>	POLLY AND HIS RED SWEATER
<i>Glory of Youth</i>	VIDA BELL
<i>The Uphill Road</i>	TO THE SENIOR CLASS
<i>The Phantom Lover</i>	BILL COLLINS
<i>Rim 'O The World</i>	STUDENTS WITH THREE "E'S"
<i>The Crisis</i>	GRADUATION
<i>Just David</i>	"DAVE" EPSTEIN
<i>Feet of Clay</i>	THE FOOTBALL TEAM
<i>Skyrider</i>	"LINDY"
<i>The Wings of the Morning</i>	RUTH PAUL
<i>The Blazed Trail</i>	THE PATH TO WEAVER
<i>The Best Man</i>	GEORGE WELTNER
<i>Rolf in the Woods</i>	HENRY ROLFE
<i>Main Street</i>	WEAVER CORRIDORS
<i>Gentle Julia</i>	JULIA PICCOLO
<i>The Red Signal</i>	AFTER THE YELLOW
<i>The Story of an Outlaw</i>	HAROLD PORTER
<i>Heart's Desire</i>	"SYB" MATHER
<i>The Moon Out of Reach</i>	DIPLOMA

## AFTERWORD

THE wondrous lands of India, China, Arabia and Turkey all hold a magical spell and fascination over us. The mosques of Turkey, with their gleaming domes and spires, the starlit deserts of Arabia, and the Hindu seer bent mysteriously before his crystal glass are objects of romance and beauty. In our humble class book, you will not find any of the wondrous lands; neither will you find mosques, nor deserts nor oriental seers.

The purpose of a class book is to give a brief account of the members of the graduating class, with some cartoons and bits of humor as an hors-d'oeuvre. In writing the brief accounts of members of the graduating class the editorial board experienced little difficulty, but, with the hors-d'oeuvre, we met our Waterloo, for it necessitated taking certain slams at certain individuals. All we ask is that our hapless victims be liberal minded and magnanimous. If there were no Atlantic Ocean, we should not today have a Lindbergh of trans-Atlantic fame. Likewise, if there were no Kotofsky we should be minus a certain cartoon in our volume. The Atlantic Ocean, in all probability, did not wish to be humiliated by being traversed by Lindbergh. Yet, what could it do?...Much! See what it did to the Princess Lowenstein, to "Old Glory," and to other planes and crews. Likewise, Kotofsky and others might snub us, waylay us, rob us, or—.

We of the editorial board do solemnly swear that whatever "slams" we have taken have pained us far more than you. But our class is a wise and great class, and, like all things that are wise and great, must be amused, and so our final plea to you, Kotofsky and others, is that you accept whatever "dirt" we have thrown like sports, and forgive us, that is, we of the Editorial Board.

So, let's forget our pettiness, and the class, Kotofsky and others, and the Editorial Board all together as one big family, and enjoy this volume of ours as it should be enjoyed, "with malice towards none."





# Autographs

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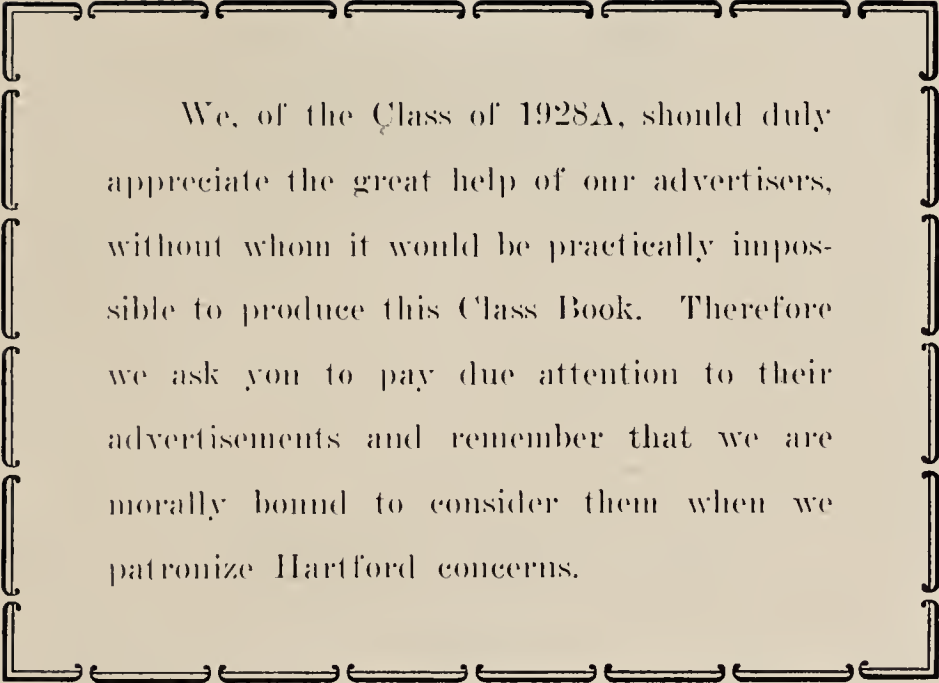
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